

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 15 • 24th May 1969

PRICE 1/3



Beauty and the Beast



1. "Now that my ship has returned home safe and sound, we will be rich again," said Beauty's father, as he prepared to set out for the port where the ship was anchored. "I shall buy you each a present while I am away. What would you like?"

2. All his sons and daughters, with the exception of Beauty, asked for costly gifts. Beauty stood beside her father as he mounted his horse. "We may fall on hard times again, father," she said. "Bring me back a white rose."



3. How right Beauty was to ask for a simple flower, for bad news awaited the merchant when he arrived at the port. The ship's captain told him that his partners, thinking him dead, had shared the rich cargo amongst themselves.



4. "There is nothing left for you," said the ship's captain. With a heavy heart the merchant remounted his horse and set off for his humble farm. It was a long journey and winter set in when he was half-way home.



5. For a whole day the merchant rode through the blinding snow. At last, in the later afternoon, the snow stopped falling. "I must find somewhere to stay the night," thought the merchant. Then suddenly he saw a splendid castle in the distance.



6. To his amazement, as he neared the castle, the snow disappeared from the ground and he found himself riding through warm sunshine. Flowers bloomed on every side and beautiful birds fluttered past him. "There is some strange mystery here," thought the merchant.



7. The merchant rode into a deserted courtyard and there ahead of him he saw a magnificent flight of steps leading up to the open doorway of the castle. Looking wonderingly around him, he dismounted from his horse and went up the steps.



8. There was no sight or sound of anyone. Silence reigned throughout the castle. "Is anyone there?" called out the merchant as he entered the Great Hall of the castle, where a huge fire was crackling. Again and again he called out but there was no reply.



1. This is a Coyote which lives in North America. It has long fur and a bushy tail and it lives mostly in burrows. It will not attack humans, but it is a pest to poultry farmers because it is always stealing their chickens.



2. Here is a Dingo, a wild dog which lives in Australia. It is very shy and makes its home mostly in hollow trees. It rarely travels in packs as wolves do and is seen mostly only at night.



These are our "Allsorts" pages. Every week you can see all sorts of Allsorts. **THIS WEEK:**

All Sorts



5. Here is a Jackal, an animal which is found in Eastern Europe, Southern Asia and Northern Africa. During the day Jackals remain hidden in burrows and caves. When night falls they come out to hunt, usually in packs.



6. The Wolf is found in Europe, Asia and North America. Wolves can run for miles without tiring and display amazing cunning in avoiding traps and keeping out of rifle range. In winter they hunt in packs and become very fierce when they are hungry.



3. The Fox is a cunning animal, as you will have learned by reading the stories of Brer Rabbit. The Fox is closely related to the jackal and dog, but looks quite different from them because of its pointed muzzle, erect ears and long bushy tail.



4. This ugly animal is a Hyena which is noted for being a coward and for its strange cries which it utters when it is excited. It is found in Southern Asia and in Africa. It performs a valuable service by eating dead animals which could spread diseases.

of Wild Dogs



7. This animal is known as Azara's dog, and it lives in South America. When hunting it runs with its nose close to the ground, but will raise its head from time to time to sniff the wind. Unlike most other wild dogs of its kind, it prefers to remain alone, rather than hunt in a pack.



8. Here is a Raccoon dog which lives in China and Japan. It lives mostly on fish and fruit, and has been known to make its winter home beneath the floor of a house. More often it lives in a simple hole which it has made for itself.



BRER RABBIT

This week we tell how Brer Fox failed to get the grapes.
By Barbara Hayes

NOW as all you children who are old chums of Brer Rabbit know, there weren't many things on which Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox agreed. No, indeed there weren't.

But worse than not agreeing, there was one subject that really made them both very angry—and that was the subject of Miss Meadows and the girls.

Now you may not think it, but in those days, animals used to go round talking to humans, just as if the animals were humans themselves.

Well as it happened, both Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox liked hanging round the house of Miss Meadows.

Old Brer Rabbit, he used to go there and he'd find old Brer Fox sitting up and giggling with the girls and Brer Rabbit used to be so cross with jealousy that he would excuse himself and gallop down the road apiece and stamp and kick up the dust with rage.

And likewise, old Brer Fox, he'd saunter in to Miss Meadows' home one afternoon and find that scamp Brer Rabbit sitting alongside the girls, and laughing. Then it would be Brer Fox's turn to be jealous and he would rush down the road and chew the bark off the trees, he would be so cross.

Well, it went on this way for some time, until by and by, Brer Rabbit began to cast round in his mind to see if he could find some way of stopping Brer Fox's visits.

"After all, I don't want Brer Fox to be too friendly with Miss Meadows and the girls, or he may turn them against me," thought Brer Rabbit.

Now it so happened that while Brer Rabbit was thinking these thoughts, he was sitting at the side of Green Lane and suddenly, who should he hear clattering along, but old Brer Fox.

Too-bookity — bookity — bookity — book — went old Brer Fox, loping along just like a young horse: and he was all dressed up too, slick and shiny, as if he had just bought all his clothes new from the shop.

Old Brer Rabbit, he sat there he did and when old Brer Fox came galloping along Brer Rabbit got up and called to him.

Brer Fox stopped and the two animals passed the time of day with each other in a mighty polite way.

Then by and by Brer Rabbit said: "I've got some mighty fine news for you, Brer Fox."

"Why, what news is that, Brer Rabbit?"

Then Brer Rabbit scratched his ear with his hind foot and said: "I was walking along

the day before yesterday, when the first thing I knew I was walking into the biggest and fattest bunch of grapes that I have ever laid eyes on."

Well, right then and there, Brer Fox's mouth began to water.

He forgot all about going to visit the girls and he sidled up to Brer Rabbit and he said: "Come on, Brer Rabbit, let you and me go and get some of those grapes before they are all gone."

Then old Brer Rabbit, he laughed he did, and he answered: "I'm hungry myself, Brer Fox, but I don't fancy grapes today. Just at the moment I fancy parsley."

Then he said, after a pause:

"Anyway, if you go chasing off after grapes, what will Miss Meadows and the girls do? I bet they've got something in the pot with your name on it."

By that, Brer Rabbit meant that Miss Meadows and the girls must be getting a meal ready for Brer Fox.

"Never mind about that," said Brer Fox, "I can drop round to see Miss Meadows and the girls *after* I have eaten the grapes."

Well," said Brer Rabbit. "If you would *really* like the grapes I'll tell you where they are."

Then he went on: "You know that valley where you went after honey for Miss Meadows and the girls the other day?"

Brer Fox said he knew that valley.

"Well, then," said Brer Rabbit, "on you go down the valley until you come to another valley with a dogwood tree leaning over towards the ground and near the dogwood tree there's a vine and on that vine, you'll find your grapes."

"They're so ripe," went on old Brer Rabbit, "that they look as if they're going to melt away. And they are so tasty, you might even find them covered with insects, but that needn't bother a chap like you. Why, you can just take your bushy tail and brush those insects away!"

Well, Brer Fox said he was much obliged. Then he set out after the grapes at a fine gallop.

Brer Rabbit laughed and chuckled and then he set out after Brer Fox.

Brer Fox raced along to the valley. Then he kept on down the hill till he came to the other valley and there he saw the dogwood tree. And better than that, near the dogwood, he saw the vine and on that vine was the big bunch of grapes.

And sure enough the grapes were covered with insects.

Now Brer Rabbit had been really hustling along and he just reached Brer Fox, as Brer Fox reached the grapes.

Well, presently Brer Fox crept up the dogwood tree to the grapes.

Then he gave the grapes a big wipe with his tail, to brush off the insects.

But, bless your soul, Brer Fox had no

sooner done that, than he gave such a loud squawk that, afterwards, Miss Meadows vowed she had heard it all the way back at her house.

The fine juicy bunch of grapes wasn't really a bunch of grapes at all. It was a *wasps' nest*.

Brer Fox, he ran and he kicked and he scratched and he bit and he scrambled and he shouted and he howled, but the wasps just went on stinging more than ever.

And when that naughty Brer Rabbit had finished watching and chuckling he ran off to see Miss Meadows and the girls.

Miss Meadows and the girls asked where Brer Fox was.

"He's gone grape hunting," replied Brer Rabbit.

"Lawks!" said Miss Meadows. "What a thing to do when we were expecting him to dinner! Here we have been waiting to start dinner all this time and Brer Fox wasn't bothering about us at all. I've finished with Master Fox for good now."

Then Miss Meadows asked Brer Rabbit if he would like to stay to dinner instead of Brer Fox—and Brer Rabbit didn't need asking twice, I can tell you!

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.



FOUR-LEGGED ANIMALS THAT LAY EGGS

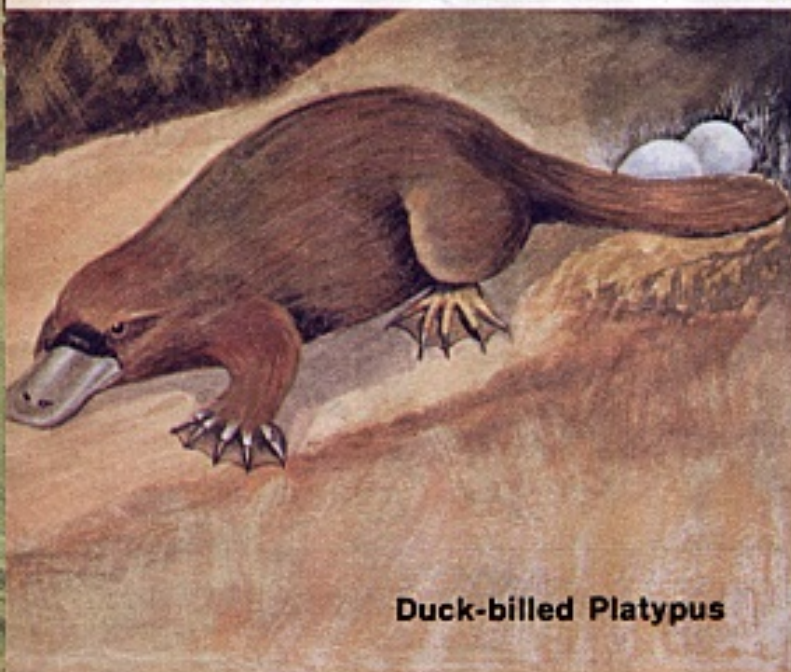
You all know that birds lay eggs. But do you know that there are several wingless animals that lay eggs? Here are six of them with their eggs.



Tortoise



Alligator



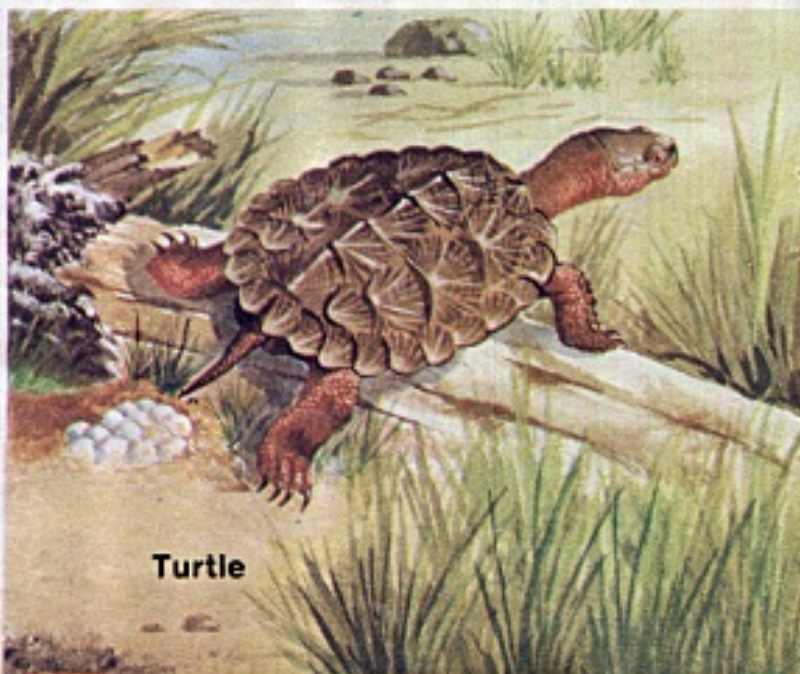
Duck-billed Platypus



Frilled Lizard



Crocodile



Turtle

More Names of Groups

Do you know that names are given to certain groups of objects or animals? For instance, a flock of sheep.
Here are six more group-names for you to remember.



A clump of trees



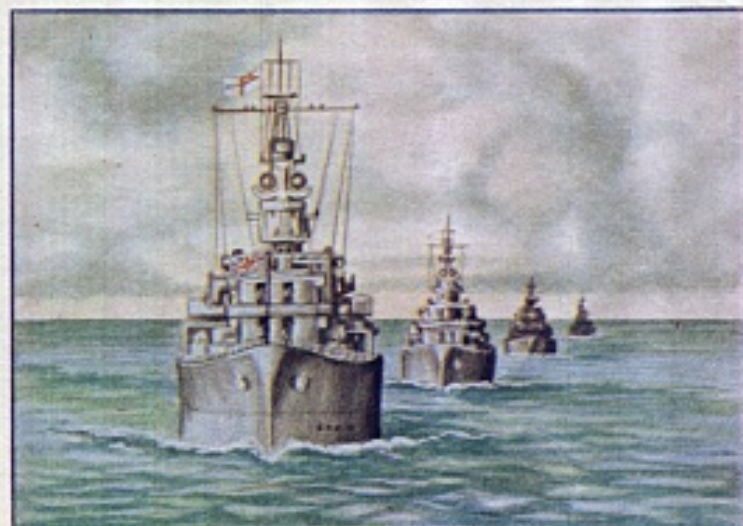
A bunch of grapes



A library of books



A set of china



A fleet of ships



A board of directors

The Little Mother

ONCE, a long time ago, there lived a family called Jones. There were four children. There was Sally, the eldest. She was twelve years old. Then there was her younger brother Dick, who was ten. Then came Dolly, aged six, and baby Tim, who was only six months old.

The children's parents had both fallen ill and had been taken to hospital. There were no other relatives so Sally had to take care of the younger children.

"We will have to earn some money running errands," Sally said; for with Daddy, who was a road-worker, in hospital, no money was coming into the house.

But four children on their own could not earn very much. All the same, Sally managed as best she could and although sometimes she had nothing to eat, Dick, Dolly and Tim always had enough. Sally was indeed a good little mother.

One day they were out together when they saw some men working in the street. Dick, who was always full of mischief, took hold of a wheelbarrow but before he could move it, Sally reached out and caught him gently by the hair.

"We have no time for playing games, Dick," she said. "We must try and earn a few pennies before we go home. Come along."

Nearby two men were standing. One had a black beard.

"Did you hear that, John?" he asked his friend. "Poor little children. Fancy having to work for pennies at their age. We can't have that." Putting his hand in his pocket he took out ten shillings and offered them to Sally. But Sally shook her head.

"No, sir," she said. "We never take money from strange men, nor money we haven't earned." And nothing would make her change her mind.

Now the man with the beard was a doctor named Henry Liston. When he heard Sally's brave reply, he decided to see if he could help her.

He learned all about Sally and her family from one of the workmen who knew Sally's father. He went to the hospital and examined Sally's Daddy and Mummy.

"Under my care you will both soon be better," said Doctor Liston. He was as good as his word.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were soon better and back home with their children again.

The good Doctor Liston helped Sally's Daddy to get a much better job than he had before and the Jones family all lived happily ever after.



This lovely story is a memory test. Read it carefully or if you cannot read perhaps your Mummy or Daddy will read it to you. Then turn to page 16 and see how well you have read or listened to the story by trying to answer the questions printed on that page.



This famous painting, "Work", by Ford Maddox Brown, is published by permission of Manchester City Art Gallery

Dick Whittington



Dick Whittington really lived. When you grow up you will read about a famous man named Sir Richard Whittington. He lived about six hundred years ago and this is the story of how, when he was a lad, he heard the bells of London Town telling him that one day, he would be thrice Lord Mayor of that great city.



1. Once upon a time in a village many miles from London, there lived a little boy named Dick Whittington. He had no father and mother and lived a very hard life. One day he heard a man in the street say that the streets of London Town were paved with gold.



2. "Fancy that," said Dick as he went back to the poor broken-down cottage where he lived all alone. "London would seem to be the place for me." That night he made a bundle of his few belongings and, flinging them over his shoulder at dawn, he set out for London. He walked for miles and miles. His feet became sore and his legs ached, but still he kept on.



3. At last a cart came along behind him. "Where are you going, lad?" asked the carter. "To London," replied Dick. "Then jump up. I'll give you a lift," smiled the kind man. Dick was grateful for the rest and for the carter's company.



4. At the end of the day the carter reached his home and Dick had to plod on alone. Soon it started to rain. All night Dick trudged on his way.



5. It was late afternoon of the next day that Dick came at last in sight of London Town. There it was, in a haze of sunshine that made it appear to be made of gold.



6. But Dick began to change his mind when at last he trod the streets of London. "The man who said the paving stones were made of gold was a fool," muttered Dick. "They're not." He stared round at all the busy scurrying people who rushed past, taking no notice of him.
(Next week Dick finds a new home)



BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Every little boy and girl must have heard of the Knights of the Round Table, those gallant warriors who fought for King Arthur and the love of their ladies.

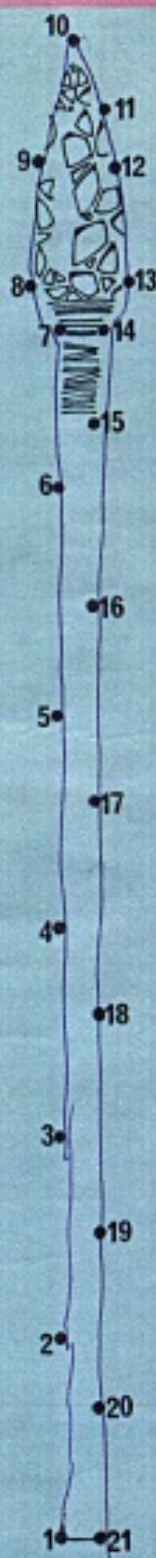
In the olden days, when knighthood was in flower, the education of a Knight would start when the boy was 7. He would be sent away from his home to live in the castle of some famous nobleman and there taught hunting, music, riding and how to handle sword and lance. When he was 21, if he had learned well, he would be made a Knight.

He had to spend a whole night with his arms and armour, praying before an altar.

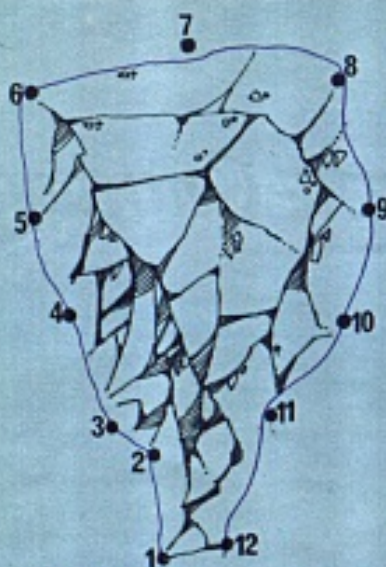
This wonderful painting, "Vigil", by John Pettie, printed here by permission of the Tate Gallery, London, shows a young Knight at his prayers.

The next morning he will be clad in his armour, a sword belted around his waist and the spurs of knighthood strapped to his feet. His lord will then strike him lightly on the shoulder with his fist or his sword. The young man will then be a Knight.

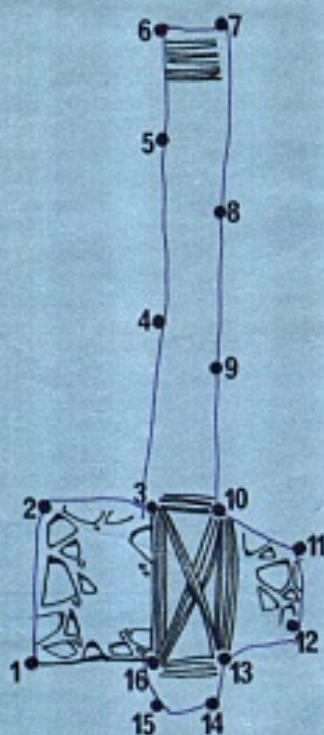
Stone-Age Man



Join the dots from No. 1 to No. 21 and you will complete a Stone Age spear.




If you join the dots from No. 1 to No. 12 you will see the sort of tool the Stone Age man used to chip out spear heads and axe heads.



Join the dots from No. 1 to No. 16 and you will have drawn an axe like the one the Stone Age man is holding.

The first tool and the first weapon used by man was a rough stone. That was thousands of years ago in a period called the Stone Age. He would use a large stone as a hammer to crack nuts or he would use a stone as a weapon for striking or throwing at an enemy. Later, in what is called the New Stone Age, he learned that by chipping flint stones he could make better tools such as knives and chisels, and better weapons such as spears and axes. Then, too, he used the bones of animals to make needles and harpoons. Thus he could make better clothes with the needles and hunt and fish with the harpoons.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week: Wash-day in the Country.

By Barbara Hayes

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. One was called Winifred and she lived in the country. The other mouse was called Stephanie and she lived in the town. Stephanie and Winifred were cousins.

Now it so happened that Stephanie caught a cold and her doctor told her that she ought to stay with her cousin Winifred in the country.

"The country air will do you good," the doctor said.

So Stephanie went to stay in the country, but to put it mildly she didn't take very kindly to country ways.

"This fresh air in the country may be good," she grumbled, "but it is about the only thing in these backwoods parts that is any good."

Then she yawned. "What a slow, clod-hopping bunch of local yokels all these country bumpkins are!" she sighed. "They ought to come and spend a day or two in town. That would open their dozy old eyes a bit, I can tell you."

And although kind and simple Winifred was pleased to have her cousin Stephanie to stay with her, even Winifred became a little put out by Stephanie's constant grumbling and unkind remarks.

"Our Stephanie is always so restless," sighed Winifred to her boy-friend Bertie. "Why she can't be content doing a little gardening and then knitting by the fire in the evening, I don't know. If it was good enough for our mothers, it ought to be good enough for us, I'm sure."

Well now, after Stephanie had been staying in Winifred's home for a few days, the time came when quite a few of Stephanie's clothes needed washing.

Now in town, all Stephanie's clothes went to the laundry to be washed.

"I'm too pretty to waste my life washing clothes," Stephanie used to say. "And besides, washing at home makes the house all messy and steamy. Why, I should have to run away and hide if any of my smart friends called and found steam on the windows."

So every Saturday a smart little delivery boy rode up to Stephanie's house on his pink painted bicycle and Stephanie would give him a bagful of washing to take to the laundry. And the little boy would give Stephanie back the clean washing from the week before.

"Thank you, sonny," Stephanie would smile, giving the boy a nice shiny two shilling piece.

She gave him the two shilling piece partly because she really was kind-hearted and partly because then the boy always gave Stephanie her laundry before he delivered the laundry to Mrs. Top-drawer, who lived across the road.

Stephanie always liked to be first and to seem more important than Mrs. Top-drawer in every way.

Now, to get back to Winifred's house. At the end of the week, Stephanie went to her room and packed her dirty clothes into a laundry bag and then went out into the garden to look for Winifred.

"Darling!" she called. "I know that in this dozy dump, there is no use expecting a laundry to call, but if you would be kind enough to tell me where the nearest laundry is, perhaps I could hire a little pony and trap to take my clothes there."

"That is, darling, if it is safe to let any of your local yokels get their paws on my clothes at all."

"I mean, dear, they won't shrink everything or tear the lace on my nighties, will they?"

Now it so happened that just at that moment, Bertie, Winifred's boy-friend, had stopped by to have a chat with Winifred.

Bertie wasn't as patient with Stephanie's rudeness as Winifred was.

"Don't you worry your head about us local yokels spoiling your clothes, Stephanie," he laughed. "You can be quite sure that we won't touch them, because we won't even touch them. Down in these country parts, folks do their own washing. And the nearest thing we have to a laundry is this stream here."

And Bertie pointed to where Winifred

was doing her washing in the pretty little stream that ran through the garden.

Stephanie stared in horror!

For once even she was struck dumb.

Then at last she managed to gasp out: "Well this really is the last straw. If I won't do the washing at home because of the steam on the windows, then I'm certainly not going to do it here in cold water and with the hard ground to kneel on."

Winifred looked round and said kindly: "I will do your washing, our Stephanie. I quite like kneeling here by the stream, listening to the water bubbling and the birds singing. And I know that you aren't used to rough work, so let me do your washing for you."

"Oh, Winifred, how can you be so irritating!" shouted Stephanie. "If washing clothes in the stream is too tough for me, then it ought to be too tough for you too. Why don't you stand up for yourself and say you want to be treated like a lady? So long as you do all this rotten work without complaining, Bertie and everyone else will just let you go on doing it. Show some spirit!"

"Oh please don't carry on so, our Stephanie," sighed Winifred. "I'm happy living the way I do, really I am."

Then Bertie caught sight of naughty little Rex the Wrecker putting paint into the stream to spoil the washing and in all the chasing and shouting that followed, Winifred's and Stephanie's argument was forgotten.

But Stephanie thought to herself: "Tomorrow I'm going home. And if I never see the country again it will be too soon." (There will be another mouse story next week)

Here are the questions about the lovely story on page 10.

1. How many children were there in the Jones family?
2. Where were their parents?
3. Did Doctor Liston have a beard?
4. How much money did he offer Sally?



Bill Bowling



1. Once upon a time there was a jolly sailor named Bill Bowling. He had a brother named Hubert who was a well-to-do shop-keeper. One day Bill came home after a long voyage. He met an old shipmate named Sam Cox.

2. "Well, Bill, I haven't seen you for two years," said Sam. "What have you got in that bundle?" Bill laughed. "It is a present for my brother Hubert," said he. "It is a new hat. Whenever Hubert is angry, he kicks his hat in the air. As he is always angry, he always needs a new hat."



3. "Talking of Hubert reminds me I have something to tell you," said Sam. "Come and have a meal with me and I will tell you all about it." So Bill and Sam went to a restaurant and there Sam told Bill that Hubert was getting married that very day.

4. Bill blinked. "Getting married?" he said. "Who is he marrying?" Sam scratched his nose. "Ah, that's it," said he. "He is marrying Betsy Bly, the prettiest girl in town. But everybody says she is marrying Hubert because he has plenty of money." Bill frowned. "I don't like the sound of that," he said. "I think I'll go and stop the wedding." And away he went. He was angry.





5. "I'm not going to allow my brother Hubert to make a fool of himself by marrying a girl who is only in love with his money," muttered Bill. He sat himself down in the churchyard and waited for Hubert and his bride to appear.

6. But at first sight of Betsy Bly, Bill fell in love with her.



7. "Hallo, Hubert, delighted to see you," said Bill, but when he said this he was smiling at Betsy. Betsy looked into Bill's blue eyes and they reminded her of the sea on a sunny day. "Where have you been all my life, Bill Bowling?" she asked. "Waiting for you," replied Bill, and put his arm around her.



8. Hubert could hardly believe his eyes and ears. Just as he was expecting to get married, his brother had come home from the sea and spoilt everything. "I never did like Bill," he thought. Then: "Let's get married," suggested Bill, and Betsy blushed and said: "Yes, let's." So off they went together. Hubert was so angry he kicked his hat in the air. WUMPH!





The **WISE OLD OWL**

Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl is here to answer many interesting questions for you.



1. What is a pygmy?

"A pygmy is the name given to certain natives who only grow to a very short height. There are pygmy tribes in Africa and most of them are very simple people. In the desert of South West Africa there are tribes of pygmies who are known as Bushmen. They are very clever hunters and trackers."



2. Do all trees lose their leaves in winter time?

"No. There are two kinds of trees. Trees like chestnuts, elms, oaks and beeches all shed their leaves in the autumn and new leaves grow in the spring. But pine trees, which are called conifers, generally keep their leaves throughout the year."



3. Tell us, Wise Old Owl, where do bananas come from?

"Bananas are grown in the islands of the West Indies, off the coast of America. The banana trees grow up to 12 feet high and the fruit grows round the stem in big bunches (called hands). The bananas are picked before they are ripe and shipped to Europe in special ships. When they are landed, they are ripened by artificial heating."



4. How is soap made?

"Soap is made from animal fats, such as mutton, beef and whale oil, and from vegetable oils, such as olive oil and coconut oil. The mixtures are boiled in huge vats called kettles. Then chemicals are added. Perfumes are also put in to make the soap smell nice."



5. How is the drink, cider, made?

"Cider is made from apples. The apples are picked when they are ripe and the fruit is crushed so that all the juice runs out into vats. Sugar is added to the juice to make it sweeter and it is bottled and sent to the shops for sale."